



"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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## BULL RUN.

The First Great Struggle on the Plains of Manassas.

## REPULSE ON THE RIGHT.

McDowell Makes a Grand Effort to Retrieve the Day.

## SUCCESS ON THE LEFT.

Disorderly Retreat to the Banks of the Potomac.

BY GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

IV.

And now, while Quinby's regiment, on another ridge more to the left, is also again engaging the enemy, the 69th N. Y., led by the fearless Corcoran, dashes forward, up the Henry House Hill, over the forbidding brow, and beyond. As the brave Irishmen reach the abandoned batteries the hoarse roar of cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry volleys, the scream of shot and shell, and the whistling of bullets, is at once deafening and appalling, while the air seems filled with the iron and leaden steel which sweeps across the scorched and blasted plateau of the Henry House. Nobly the Irish regiment holds its ground for a time, but at last it too falls back before the hurrying tempest.

The fortunes of the day are plainly turning against us. Time is also against us—as it has been all along—while it is with the enemy. It is past 3 o'clock.

## LAST LINE OF BATTLE.

Since we last looked at Beauregard's third new defensive line, there have been material accessions to it. The remains of the brigades of Bee, Evans and Bartow have been reformed on the right of Jackson's Brigade—Bee on his immediate right, Evans to the right of Bee, and Bartow to the right of Evans, with a battery which has been engaged Schenck's Brigade on the other side of Bull Run near the Stone Bridge; while Cooke's Brigade watches Bull Run to the rear of Bartow. On the left of Jackson's Brigade is now to be seen a part of Bonham's Brigade (Kershaw's 2d S. C. and Cash's 8th S. C.), with Kemper's battery on its left. Kirby Smith has reached the front, from Manassas, and—in advancing from his position on the left of Bonham's Demi-Brigade, just west of the Sudley road, upon Elzey's Brigade, in a counter-attack upon our right—is wounded and carried to the rear, leaving his command to Elzey. Stuart's cavalry are in the woods still farther to the left, supporting Beauchamp's battery. Early's Brigade is also coming up from Union Mills Ford, not far to the rear of the enemy's left, with the design of coming into line between Elzey's Brigade and Beauchamp's battery, and outflanking and attacking our right. But let us bring our eyes back to the bloody contest still going on for the possession of the batteries of Griffin and Ricketts.

Arnold's battery has raced up on our right, and is delivering shot, shell, spherical case and canister with effect, although exposed to a severe and accurate fire from the enemy. Wilcox, with what is left of the 1st Mich., after once retaking the batteries on the plateau, from the 7th Ga., has got around the enemy's left flank, and is actually engaged with the enemy's rear while the enemy's front is engaged with Franklin and Sherman! But Robert Ward's 28th N. Y., which Wilcox has ordered up to support the 1st Mich. on our extreme right in this flanking movement, has been misdirected, and is now attacking the enemy's center instead of his left; and Preston's 28th Va., which, with Withers's 15th Va., has come up to the rebel left from Cooke's Brigade on the enemy's right—finding the 1st Mich. broken in the woods, attacks it, and wounds and captures Wilcox. Withers's regiment has, with a yell—the old rebel yell, now rising everywhere from rebel throats—and so often heard afterward—charged the 14th N. Y. Chasseurs in the woods; and the Chasseurs, though retreating, have fired upon it with such precision as to throw part of their assailants into disorder.

McDOWELL MAKES ONE MORE EFFORT. Meanwhile McDowell is making one more effort to retrieve the misfortune of the day. Lawrence's 5th and Clark's 11th Mass., with German's 1st Minn.—all belonging to Franklin's Brigade—together with Corcoran's 69th N. Y., of Sherman's Brigade, have been brought into line of battle by the united efforts of Franklin, Averell, and other officers at our center, and with the remnants of two or three other regiments are moving against the enemy's center to support the attack of the Chasseurs—rallied and led forward again by Heintzelman—upon the rebel left, and that of the 28th N. Y. upon the rebel left center, in another effort to recapture the abandoned batteries.

Charge after charge is made by our gallant regiments, and counter-charge after counter-charge is made by the fresh troops of the enemy. For almost half an hour has the contest over the batteries lasted backward and forward. Three several times have the batteries been taken and retaken,—much of the determined and desperate struggle going on over the prostrate and bleeding bodies of the brave Union artists,—but without

\*Comprising Gibbons's 10th Va., the 3d Tenn., and Geo. H. Stewart's 1st Md.  
†See Wilcox's Report.  
‡Says Gen. Keyes, who had kept on down the Run, on the extreme left of our advance, having separated from Sherman on his right—"I thought the day was won about 2 o'clock; but about 3:30 o'clock a sudden change in the firing took place, which, to my ear, was very ominous. I knew that the moment the shot went up from the other side, there appeared to be an instantaneous change in the whole sound of the battle. That, as far as I can learn, was the shout that went up from the enemy's line when they found out for certain that it was Johnston (Kirby Smith) and not Patterson that had come."

avail. Regiment after regiment has been thrown back by the deadly fusillade of the enemy's musketry from the skirt of woods at his front and left, and the canister, case, and bursting shells of his rapidly-served artillery.

It is now near upon 4 o'clock. Our last effort to recapture the batteries has failed. The Union line of advance has been seriously checked. Some of our own guns in those batteries are turned on us. The enemy's infantry make a rush over the blood-soaked brow of the fatal plateau, pouring into our men a deadly fire as they advance, while over to our right and rear, at the same moment, are seen the fresh regiments of Early's Brigade coming out of the woods, deploying rapidly in several lines, with Stuart's handful of rebel cavalry, while Beauchamp's guns, in the same quarter, open an oblique enfilading reverse fire upon us in a lively manner.

At once the minds of the fagged-out Union troops become filled with the dispiriting idea that the exhausting fight which they have made all day long has been simply with Beauregard's Army of the Potomac, and that these fresh rebel troops on the Union right and rear are the vanguard of Johnston's Army of the Shenandoah! After all the hard marching and fighting they have done during the last 13 hours, with empty bellies and parched lips under a scorching sun that still, as it descends in the west, glowers down upon them through the murky air like a great red glaring eye, the very thought is terrible!

## BEGINNING OF THE RETREAT.

Without fear, yet equally without hope, the Union troops crumble to groups, and then to individuals. The attempt of McDowell to turn the left of the enemy's Bull Run line has failed.

McDowell and his officers heroically but vainly strive, at great personal risk to themselves, to stem the tide of confusion and disorder. Sykes's battalion of Regulars, which has been at our left, now steadily moves obliquely across the field of battle toward our right to a hill in the mid-ground, which it occupies, and with the aid of Arnold's battery and Palmer's cavalry holds, while the exhausted and disorganized troops of the Union army doggedly and slowly retire toward Sudley Ford, their rear covered by an irregular square of infantry which, mainly by the exertions of Col. Corcoran, has been formed to resist a threatened charge of Stuart's cavalry.

It is not far that has got the better of our Union troops. It is physical exhaustion, for one thing; it is thirst, for another. Men must drink—even if they have foolishly thrown away their canteens—and many have retired to get water. It is the moral effect also—the terrible disappointment—of seeing what they suppose are Johnston's fresh troops from the Shenandoah Valley, without Patterson "on their heels," suddenly appear on their flank and rear. It is not fear; though some of them are panic-stricken, and, as they catch sight of Stuart's mounted men—"no black horse or uniform among them,"—raise the cry of "The Black Horse Cavalry! The Black Horse Cavalry!"

The Union attack has been repulsed, it is true, but the Union soldiers, though disorganized, discouraged and disappointed, are not dismayed. Their officers not yet having learned how to fight, and themselves lacking the cohesion of discipline, the men have lost their regimental organizations, and owing to the causes mentioned slowly retire across Sudley Ford of Bull Run in a condition of disintegration. Their retreat being bravely covered by the 27th and 69th N. Y., (which have rallied and formed there), Sykes's infantry battalion, Arnold's battery, and Palmer's cavalry.

While the divisions of Hunter and Heintzelman, which came down in the morning across Sudley Ford, are now, with one brigade (Sherman's) of Tyler's Division, retreating again in this disordered condition by that ford, two other brigades of Tyler's Division—viz., those of Schenck, which at 4 o'clock was just in the act of advancing upon and across the Stone Bridge to join in the Union attack, and of Keyes, which at the same time just succeeding in its effort to turn the right flank of the enemy's third new line—are withdrawing from the field across Bull Run stream by the Warrenton pike and other roads leading them directly toward Centerville. The brigades of both

\*Long afterward, when describing the storm of leaden hail which had descended upon the spot where lay the mangled bodies of Ricketts and his cannoniers, Ricketts added, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, the cause of this failure: "An old soldier feels safe in the ranks, outside of the ranks, and the greater the danger the more pertinently he clings to his place. The volunteer of three months never attains this instinct of discipline. Under danger, and even under mere excitement, he flies away from his ranks and looks for safety in dispersion. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st there were more than 12,000 volunteers on the battlefield of Bull Run who had entirely lost their regimental organizations. They could no longer be handled as troops for the officers and men were not together. Men and officers mingled together promiscuously; and it is worthy of remark that this disorganization did not result from defeat or fear, for up to 4 o'clock we had been uniformly successful. The instinct of discipline, which keeps every man in his place, had not been acquired. We cannot suppose that the troops of the enemy had attained a higher degree of discipline than our own, but they acted on the defensive, and were not equally exposed to disorganization."

†In his report to Maj. Barnard, Capt. D. P. Woodbury, of the Corps of Engineers, says: "It is not for me to give a history of the battle. The enemy was driven on our left, from cover to cover, a mile and a half. Our position for renewing the action the next morning was excellent; whence, then, our failure? It will not be out of place, I hope, for me to give my own opinion of the cause of this failure. An old soldier feels safe in the ranks, outside of the ranks, and the greater the danger the more pertinently he clings to his place. The volunteer of three months never attains this instinct of discipline. Under danger, and even under mere excitement, he flies away from his ranks and looks for safety in dispersion. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st there were more than 12,000 volunteers on the battlefield of Bull Run who had entirely lost their regimental organizations. They could no longer be handled as troops for the officers and men were not together. Men and officers mingled together promiscuously; and it is worthy of remark that this disorganization did not result from defeat or fear, for up to 4 o'clock we had been uniformly successful. The instinct of discipline, which keeps every man in his place, had not been acquired. We cannot suppose that the troops of the enemy had attained a higher degree of discipline than our own, but they acted on the defensive, and were not equally exposed to disorganization."

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Keyes and Schenck are retiring in good order,\* that of Keyes at "an ordinary pace," following close after McDowell, who, with his staff, has ridden across the battlefield and Bull Run, while part of that of Schenck, united with the 2d Me. (of Keyes's Brigade), and Ayres's battery, "promptly and effectively" repulses a charge of the enemy's cavalry, and covers the rear of Tyler's Division. Both of these brigades reach Centerville hungry and weary, but otherwise, for the most part, in good shape.

THE LEFT WING OF THE ARMY. But during this grand all-day attack by two of McDowell's Divisions, directly aided by part of a third, upon the left flank of the enemy's original Bull Run line of defense—which attack, while it has failed in its purpose, has also utterly upset and defeated the enemy's purpose to carry out Beauregard's plan of attacking Centerville that same morning—what has the left wing of Mc-



THE REBELS FIRING 100 GUNS IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE AT RICHMOND IN HONOR OF THE VICTORY AT BULL RUN.

(From a sketch made on the spot at the time.)

Dowell's army been doing? Let us go back to Sunday morning and ascertain. All the army of McDowell, save his left wing, which, comprising the two brigades (Blaker's and Davies's) of Miles's Division, and Richardson's Brigade of Tyler's Division, that fought the preliminary battle of Blackburn's Ford, is now under the command of Miles, moved away from Centerville down the Warrenton pike, as we have seen, very early in the morning.

Blaker remains with his brigade as a reserve on the heights a little east of Centerville to throw up intrenchments, which, however, he does not do for lack of intrenching implements. Richardson and Davies are to make a feint at Blackburn's Ford, so as to draw the enemy's troops there, while the heavy blow from McDowell's right wing and center falls upon the left flank and rear of the enemy's Bull Run line.

Richardson's Brigade is already down the ridge, in his old position at Blackburn's Ford, when Davies with his brigade reaches it from Centerville, and by virtue of seniority takes command of the two brigades. Leaving Richardson's Brigade and Greene's battery exactly on the battleground of the 18th July, Davies posts two regiments (the 18th and 23d N. Y.) of his own brigade, with Hunt's battery, on the brow of a hill in an open wheatfield, some 80 yards to the south-eastward of Richardson, and distant some 1,500 yards from Longstreet's batteries on the western side of Bull Run, and commences a rapid fire upon the enemy's position at Blackburn's Ford from both of the Union batteries.

At 10 o'clock there is a lull in this Union fire. The artillery ammunition is running short. The demonstration, however, seems thus far to be successful, judging by the movement of rebel troops toward Blackburn's Ford. The lull continues until 11 o'clock. At that time Miles arrives at his front in a towering rage!

On his way down the ridge, that morning early, Davies had made a discovery. While passing a roadway his guide had casually remarked: "There is a road that leads around to the enemy's camp direct." "Ah!" said Davies; "and can you get through that road?" "Oh yes," replied the guide, Davies had at once halted, and after posting his 16th and 31st N. Y. regiments, with two guns of Hunt's battery, near this road, at its junction with the Ridge road running up to Centerville from Blackburn's Ford, had proceeded with the rest of his regiments and guns to the position where Miles finds him.

A BAD COMMANDER. But Miles has discovered what Davies has done in this matter of the flanking roadway; and—without knowing, or apparently caring to know, the reason underlying the posting of the two regiments and two guns in its vicinity—flies into "a terrible passion" because of it, and in "no very measured language," gives Davies "a severe dressing down," and orders him to bring both regiments and guns down to the front. Davies complies, and says nothing. Miles also orders him to continue the firing from his batteries without regard to the quantity of ammunition. This order also Davies obeys, and the firing proceeds for two hours until another order comes about 1 o'clock p. m. to stop firing.

The fact is that Miles is not at all himself, but is suffering under such a strain of mental excitement, as he afterward claims, that he is not responsible.

Miles, however, returns to Centerville

\*Reports of Tyler, Keyes, and Schenck.  
†For this and what immediately follows, see Davies's Report and his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

about noon; and no sooner is he gone than Davies at once sends back pioneers to obstruct that road, which would bring the enemy around his left flank and rear, to Centerville. These work so industriously that they cut down a quarter of a mile of trees, and block the road up completely. Davies also posts a few pickets there, in case of accidents. It is well he does so. It is not long before the enemy makes an attempt to get around to his rear by that road; but finding it both obstructed and picketed, retreats again. Davies does not see the rebels making that attempt, but catches sight of them on their return, and gives them a severe shelling for their pains.

Davies keeps up his firing more or less—according to the condition of the enemy and of his own ammunition—until 4 o'clock, when the firing occasioned by the Union flanking movement, six miles to his right, ceases. Then there reaches him a note from

they fell back on the heights of Centerville "without the least confusion and in perfect order," reaching them at 7 p. m.

Meantime Miles has been relieved from command, and McDowell has ordered Blaker's Brigade to take position a mile or more in advance of Centerville toward Bull Run on both sides of the Warrenton pike to protect the retreat, now being made, in a few collected bodies,\* but mainly in great disorder—owing partly to the baggage-wagons choking the road, along which both venturesome civilians and fagged-out troops are retreating upon Centerville. This confused retreat passes through Blaker's line until 9 o'clock p. m.—and then all is secure.

FALLING BACK ON WASHINGTON. At midnight McDowell has decided to make no stand at Centerville, but to retire upon the defensive works at Washington. The order to retreat is given, and, with the rear well guarded by Richardson's and Blen-



HONOR OF THE VICTORY AT BULL RUN.

ker's Brigades, is carried out—the van of the retreat, with no enemy pursuing, degenerating finally into a rout, which carries more or less panic into Washington itself, as well as terrible disappointment and chagrin to the loyal States of the Union.†

Knowing what we now do concerning the battle of Bull Run, it is somewhat surprising at this day to read the dispatches sent by McDowell to Gen. Scott's headquarters at Washington immediately after it. They are in these words:

CENTREVILLE, July 21, 1861—5:45 p. m. We passed Bull Run, engaged the enemy, who, it seems, had just been reinforced by Gen. Johnston. We drove them for several hours, and finally routed them.

They rallied and repulsed us, but only to give us again the victory, which seemed complete. But our men, exhausted with fatigue and thirst, and confused by firing into each other, were attacked by the enemy's reserves and driven from the position we had gained, overlooking Manassas. After this the enemy could not be rallied, but slowly left the field. In the meantime the enemy outflanked Richardson's Brigade, and we have now to hold Centerville till our men can get behind it. Miles's Division is holding the town. It is reported that Col. Cameron is killed; Hunter and Heintzelman wounded, neither dangerously.

Brigadier-General, Commanding. Lieut. Col. Townsend.

FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, July 21, 1861. The men having thrown away their haversacks in the battle and left behind them, they are without food; have eaten nothing since morning, when the crowd of refugees from the larger part of the men are a confused mob, entirely demoralized. It was the opinion of all the commanders that no stand could be made this side of the Potomac. We will, however, make the attempt at Fairfax Court-house. From a prisoner we learn that 20,000 from Johnston joined last night, and marched on to tonight. Lieut. Col. Townsend.

FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, [July] 22, 1861. Many of the volunteers did not wait for authority to proceed to the Potomac, but left on their own.

\*Blaker's Report.  
†See one who did not share in the sad experience will be able to realize the consternation which the news of this disaster—grossly exaggerated—diffused over the loyal portion of our country. Only the tidings which had reached Washington up to 4 o'clock—all presaging certain and decisive victory—were permitted to go North by telegraph that day and evening; so that, on Monday morning, when the crowd of fugitives from our grand army was pouring into Washington a headless, harmless, worthless mob, the loyal States were exulting over accounts of a decisive triumph. But a few hours brought different advice, and these were as much worse than the truth as the former had been better: Our army had been utterly destroyed—cut to pieces, with a loss of twenty-five to thirty thousand men, besides all its artillery and munitions, and Washington lay at the mercy of the enemy, who were soon to advance to the capture and sack of our great commercial cities. Never before had so black a day as that Black Monday lowered upon the loyal hearts of the North, and the leaden, weeping skies reflected and heightened while they seemed to sympathize with the general gloom. It would have been easy, with ordinary effort and care, to have gathered and remanded to their camps or forts around Alexandria and Arlington the scattered stragglers to whom fear had lent wings, and who throwing away their arms and equipments, and abandoning all semblance of military order or discipline, had rushed to the Capital to hide their shame behind a cloud of exaggerations and falsehoods. The still effective batteries, the solid battalions, that were then wending their way slowly back to their old encampments along the north bank of the Potomac, depressed but unshaken, dauntless and utterly unharmed, were unseen and unheard from; while the panic-stricken hordes fled and distended the general car with their tales of impregnable intrenchments and masked batteries, of regiments slaughtered, brigades utterly cut to pieces, etc., making out their miserable selves to be about all that was left of the army. That these men were allowed thus to straggle into Washington, instead of being promptly stopped at the bridges and sent back to the encampments of their several regiments, is only to be accounted for on the hypothesis that the reason of our military misadventure had been temporarily delirious, so as to divert them of all moral responsibility."—Greene's Am. Conflict, Vol. I, pp. 552-553.

their own decision. They are now pouring through this place in a state of utter disorganization. They could not be prepared for action by to-morrow morning, even were they willing. I learn from prisoners that we are to be pressed here to-night and to-morrow morning, as the enemy's force is very large and they are elated. I think we heard cannon on our rear-guard. I think now, as all of my commanders thought at Centerville, there is no alternative but to fall back to the Potomac, and I shall proceed to do so with as much regularity as possible. Lieut. Col. Townsend.

ARLINGTON, July 22, 1861. I avail myself of the re-establishing of telegraph to report my arrival. When I left the forks of the Little River turnpike and Columbia turnpike, where I had been for a couple of hours turning stragglers and parties of regiments upon this place and Alexandria, I received intelligence that the rear-guard, under Col. Richardson, had left Fairfax Court-house, and was getting along well. Had not been attacked, I am now trying to get matters a little organized over here. Lieut. Col. Townsend.

McDowell had unquestionably been repulsed in his main attack with his right wing, and much of his army was badly demoralized; but, on the other hand, it may be well to repeat that the enemy's plan of attack that same morning had been frustrated, and most of his forces so badly shattered and demoralized that he dared not follow up the advantage which, more by our own blunders than by his prowess, he had gained.

## A DEAR WIFE.

If the Union forces, or at least, the right wing of them—were whipped, the enemy also was whipped. Jackson himself confessed that while he had, at the last moment, broken our ranks, our forces had turned both of his flanks. The enemy was in fact so badly used up that he not only dared not to pursue us to Washington—as he would have done had he been able—but he was absolutely afraid McDowell would resume the attack on the right of the original Bull Run line that very night! For, in a letter to Gen. Beauregard, dated Richmond, Va., Aug. 4, 1861, Jefferson Davis, who was on the ground at Bull Run July 21, alluding to the battle of Bull Run and Beauregard's excuses for not pursuing the Union troops, says: "I think you are unjust to yourself in putting your failure to pursue the enemy to Washington to the account of short supplies of subsistence and transportation. Under the circumstances of our army and in the absence of the knowledge since acquired—if, indeed, the statements be true—it would have been extremely hazardous to have done more than was performed. You will not fail to remember that, so far from knowing that the enemy was routed, a large part of our forces was moved by you in the night of the 21st to repel a supposed attack upon our right, and the next day's operations did not fully reveal what it is since been reported of the enemy's plan."

And Jefferson Davis's statement is corroborated by the report of Col. Withers, of the 18th Va., who, after starting with other regiments in an attempt to cut off the Union retreat, was recalled to the Stone Bridge, and who says: "Before reaching the point we designed to occupy (near the Stone Bridge) we were met by another order to march immediately to Manassas Junction, as an attack was apprehended that night. Although it was now after sunset, and my men had had no food all day, when the command to march to Manassas was given, they cheerfully took the route to that place."

Col. Davies, who, as we have seen, commanded McDowell's stubborn left wing, was, after all, not far wrong when, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he declared, touching the story of the Bull Run battle: "It ought to have read that we were victorious with the 13,000 troops of the left wing and defeated in the 18,000 of the right wing. That is all that Bull Run amounts to."

In point of fact, the battle of Bull Run—the first pitched battle of the war—was a drawn battle.

War was now fully inaugurated—civil war—a stupendous war between two great sections of one common country—those of our people on the one side fighting for the dissolution of the Union, and incidentally for free trade and for slavery; those on the other side fighting for the preservation of the Union, and incidentally for protection to our free industries and for the freedom of the slave.

As soon as the Republican party controlled both Houses of Congress it provided protection to our free industries and to the free labor engaged in them by the Morrill tariff act of 1860—the foundation act of all subsequent enactment on the subject.

[The end.]

\*See his report.  
†See pages 507, 508, Series I, Vol. II, Official Records, War of the Rebellion.

## A WARNING TO CLERICAL ASPIRANTS.

BY D. W. C.

Once there was a little man Who wanted much to hold Some office under "Uncle Sam" That would pay well in gold. He set himself at once to work, And thought of many a plan, That he might soon his object gain— This bold, aspiring man.

At first he scores of letters brought, All recommendations strong, Affirming that this little man Was a most worthy fellow, and of others of ability true, And loyalty true king, Some swore he was a Chesterfield, A wit, and Solon too.

"His papers," they were put "on file," "The little man was told, "Till there occurred a vacancy," And then he felt so bold, That he ordered the next morning A suit of clothes so fine, And invited Smith and Thompson At home with him to dine.

Midst the records of the office Where the little man sought a place Lies a bunch of dusty papers, Faded with faded tape, But their owner, long forgotten, Cares not for the useless things, On the steps he is selling apples— Six he gives you for a dime.

Not by Mail. [Merchant Traveller.]

Barnum recently received a lot of guns from Africa, but not by telegraph.

## AT NASHVILLE.

Gallant Service of the 15th Indiana Battery.

## A SHOWER OF SHRAPNEL.

Hurled Upon the Enemy with Deadly Effect.

## DRIVEN FROM SHYE'S HILL.

Hood's Soldiers Give Way Under the Fire.

TO THE EDITOR: There has been great importance placed on the artillery practice at the battle of Nashville, notably that on Shye's Hill, and I claim the credit of this work for the 15th Ind. battery alone.

On the arrival of Schofield's Corps from Franklin at Nashville, Gen. Couch (an able officer) was placed in command of the Second Division, Twenty-third Corps. This division had heretofore been without rifle guns. Cox's Third Division had some rifle batteries. Upon application of Gen. Couch the 15th Ind. battery was transferred to the Second Division. On Dec. 8, 1864, we were called on to do a little practice at long range, to sustain a reconnaissance on the left of our line, and fired about 50 rounds; but nothing of importance occurred until the morning of Dec. 15, when the army moved forward, Gen. Steedman, with the colored troops, on the left; next to Steedman, Gen. Wood's Fourth Corps; Gen. A. J. Smith and the cavalry formed on the right of the Fourth Corps, and our (Twenty-third) Corps in reserve, and it looked as if we were doomed to be merely lookers-on in that fight. But in this we were mistaken. Smith's Corps soon became engaged with the rebels on the left of the enemy's line, which were overmatched and captured by Smith. After Smith had captured these detached works west of Richland Creek, his corps bore to the left, striking the flanks of a stone wall held by the enemy, driving them from it in confusion. This was Cox's Corps. Second Division time to push past Smith's Corps, and advancing on a line from the Hillsboro road east across a valley, assaulted and carried the hills parallel to the Grassy White pike. It was when these assaults were to be made that the 15th Ind. battery was brought forward into action to protect the assaulting column on the left, along Richland Creek, which was made by Cooper's Brigade. This occurred just before dark. After these hills had been carried the battery moved down the hill near Richland Creek and formed in battery close by a one-story frame house, and here opened fire parallel to Richland Creek, which was kept up until about 9 o'clock p. m., when the enemy ceased to reply. This ended the first day's fight.

The enemy was now busy forming a new line across a commanding hill, afterwards known as Shye's Hill, which became the salient point of the enemy's line. But in this the 15th Ind. battery was a similar hill, occupied by Cox's Division on the west and by McArthur's Division on the east. The center of this hill was placed the first section of the 15th Ind. battery in charge of Lieut. Font.

Both sides were busy during the night intrenching themselves, and it was about 4 o'clock in the morning when the 15th battery was placed in position.

The second section of this battery, in charge of Lieut. Kuntz, with whom Capt. Harvey made his headquarters, was placed in the furthest west in the rear of Mrs. Bradford's house and about 200 yards from the enemy's line, which was here behind a stone wall. Battery D, 1st Ohio Art., was placed in the center of the line, and the south and west of Shye's Hill and west of Richland Creek. This was all the artillery used against Hood's line west of the Grassy White pike. The 15th Ind. battery was in position east of the Grassy White pike, but the rest of Hood's army started from the west of this road.

At 9 o'clock a. m. Font's guns opened fire on Shye's Hill and kept it up at regular intervals and with great effect. About noon Font's section was ordered to retire, and it was then that the 15th Ind. battery moved forward and beautiful sight to see the rapid and effective firing by these guns that will never be forgotten by the thousands who were witnesses to it on the Federal side, and by our opponents who now give the effect of it, as the untiring struggle gave them no chance to say on Shye's Hill. The guns could not have been served better, and the ammunition was the best we ever used, as every shell exploded at its intended place. Capt. Harvey and Lieut. Kuntz kept up a destructive fire at the enemy from their position, and not a living being could exist on Shye's Hill or behind the stone wall extending toward the Grassy White pike. The enemy tried to place a battery of Napoleon guns on Shye's Hill, but finding our fire too destructive they gave up the idea. 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